

many of them were dashed from dreams to death. The killed were frightfully mangled and crushed out of shape and likeness by the grinding timbers and iron. Some are so cut and disfigured that their nearest relations cannot recognize them. The occupants of the sleeping cars were aroused from their beds, and after the first wild confusion the men hurried forward to the assistance of the dead and wounded in the ruins. Shrieks and groans arose in a terrible chorus from the debris.

#### STRONG MEN GREW SICK.

The cars were so crushed together and the night so dark that the work of rescue was exceedingly difficult. The horrors of the accident unnerved many of the strongest men. The moans and groans were terrible, and the smell of warm human blood caused many to grow sick. Dead men and women were hanging out of windows and holes in the ends and sides of the cars. Many of the wounded who were crushed or pinned down under the mass were calling for water. Very little water was to be had.

H. W. White, one of the survivors, says: "I was in the second sleeper and we were going along about midnight when there came a peculiar jolting. I thought that we had been derailed. Our porter said, 'We are all right,' when some one said, 'There is a fire ahead.'

"I got up and went to the front. The head engine had rushed on. The second engine had tumbled into the chasm. It had telescoped and the engine was a shapeless mass. The first car was turned to right angles with the track. The remaining eleven cars were telescoped and piled up in one heap.

"Several of us climbed upon the cars, with axes and lanterns, and went to work. The first man we found was Billy Stevens, a confectioner. He was dead. We pulled him out after some effort, and then pulled his two daughters, Emma and Ida, out. They were all dead. Every one was groaning and crying. Their feet seemed to be jammed. Most of them had their legs broken. After an hour and a half we cleared the car. Men were offering \$50 each for relief. Probably there were a dozen bodies taken out.

"I went down on the ground and assisted in letting the dead down. They put a plank up and they helped them out, sliding them down the plank. If they were dead they put them in one pile; if alive they put them in another. Every live person seemed to want to see their family at once. There were in Mrs. James Deal's party five persons. All were killed but one and were horribly disfigured. It was late in the afternoon before they were recognized.

#### DISFIGUREMENT WITH DEATH.

"One of the horrible incidents was a man well dressed who was so badly injured that his bowels were protruding. He called impassionately for water, and as he could not be attended to he finally pulled out his revolver and shot himself through the head. One little boy, the son of the Methodist minister at Abingdon, Frank Snadecker, was found on the bosom of his dead mother. His left leg hung by the skin. His right arm was broken and one eye was put out. He never uttered a groan as they pulled him out and tried to give him a drink of brandy. He refused to take it, and said, 'Give me water.' He never uttered a groan. I found a head hanging from the truck. It was apparently a man and had been caught by the hair.

"I found several headless bodies. Those who recognized the dead immediately ticketed them.

#### HE, TOO, SAW ROBBERY.

"One of the most awful sights was that some of those released robbed the dead of their watches and valuables, and it was a theory among some that the bridge was set on fire in order to thus perpetrate robbery.

"A large number of those who have been pulled out of the wreck are still unidentified. The people in the vicinity did what they could. The fire department turned out, and every one rendered all the assistance possible. They opened up the schoolhouse in Chatsworth, summoned the physicians and did everything in their power. The town resembles a hospital."

There was one incident of the accident which stood out more horrible than all of those horrible scenes. In the second coach was a man, his wife and little child. His name could not be learned to-day, but it is said he got on at Peoria. When the accident occurred the entire family of three was caught and held down by broken woodwork. Finally, when relief came, the man turned to the friendly helpers and feebly said:

"Take out my wife first. I'm afraid the child is dead."

So they carried out the mother, and as a broken seat was taken off her crushed breast the blood which welled from her lips told how badly she was hurt. They carried the child, a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of three, and laid her in the cornfield, dead, alongside of her dying mother. Then they went back for the father and brought him out. Both his legs were broken, but he crawled through the corn to the side of his wife, and feeling her loved features in the darkness pressed some brandy to her lips and asked her how she felt. A feeble groan was the only answer and the next instant she died.

The man felt the forms of his dead wife and child, and cried out, "My God, there is nothing more for me to live for now," and taking a pistol from his pocket, pulled the trigger. The bullet went surely through his brain, and the three dead bodies of that little family lay side by side amid the waving corn.

#### SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

About 5 o'clock a reporter was driven out to the wreck. The driveway led along to the left of the railroad, and to the south of the road was an old-fashioned orange hedge. The road was very muddy and full of chuck holes. A stream of humanity was pouring in from the wreck; some had checks in their hats and carried valises. They were evidently passengers on the ill-fated train. Country boys and girls came along swinging hands and talking in low tones about the terrible disaster. A photographer dragged his weary limbs along the track. He was carrying a camera and a lot of negatives. The road bed was almost level.

Dr. Hazen, of Fort Madison, Iowa, says the train was running about thirty miles per hour when the accident occurred. He felt a sudden jar and found himself and wife fastened under the seats. He pulled the backs off of two seats before he could get his wife out. She was bruised on the body and both her feet crushed. His shoulder was dislocated and he had it pulled into place as soon as he could get out of the wreck. In helping others he put it out of place again and had to have it pulled into place a second time.

There were nine persons in his party, and he can only hear of three of them so far. He says he saw Mr. E. D. Stoddard hand his boy out to a lady, while he crawled back to get his wife, who was killed.

#### "THE SCENE WAS HORRIBLE!"

"It was simply horrible," said Mr. E. A. Van Zandt,

of Peoria, to a reporter. "No words of mine can describe the awfulness of the scene. I was in the rear sleeper, and so was in no danger, as no one in the six sleepers was more than shaken up."

"But even there we got a bad shake. I felt three distinct bumps, and then rushed out of the car and ran forward to the wreck. There the scene was horrible, horrible. The only light was the flames of the burning bridge, and above it the day coaches were piled on top of one another in a heterogeneous mass."

Just a little grade running up to the wreck at a rise of ten or fifteen feet to the mile, about two and a half or three miles from the town on a little raise was the debris of the wreck. The sleeping car Tunis was at the end of the train. It was jacked in the air, supported by the trestles. The front end of the car was directly over the place where the bridge stood. To the right lay a coach, all broken into kindling wood, and directly on the road was piled up what was left of six or seven coaches, turned bottom side up, and broken beyond recognition. Across the track, in front of the pile of debris, was a coach, lying crosswise, at least ten feet in the air; beyond were the two tenders and one engine—one tender was to the left of the track and the other to the right. They were turned bottom side up and rent asunder. The engine was scarcely recognizable. On the side of the cab was the ill-starred number, 13. Only a big pane of glass marked 13.

Along the hedge there were valises, shoes, boots, hats, all manner of articles of wearing apparel, broken lanterns and seats from the cars. It was an awful sight. Hats of men and women, broken and smeared with blood; coats reeking with gore, and ladies' underwear smeared with life blood. It was plain to be seen from the looks of the baggage that the travelers were well-to-do people.

The engine was buried in the ditch, and the headless body of the engineer, Eugene McClintock, was underneath it. From all sides came groans and cries for aid, so we went to work, and we had to work hard, too. If the wreck ever caught fire 300 people would have been burned to death, and the only thing we could do was to smother the fire with dirt. It was hard and slow work and took us four hours to do it, but we did it, and when the fire was out other help came and we got the dead and wounded out, and during the morning carried them over to Chatsworth, where we took what care of them we could.

There was an incident in the affair which was not only remarkable in its way, but shows how terribly those six coaches were jammed and mashed together. When the accident occurred Andy Mooney, of Peoria, and Conductor Stillwell, who was in charge of the train, were three cars from each other. Mooney was in the second car and Stillwell in the fifth. The next instant they found themselves literally in each other's arms, the car in which the conductor was riding having been carried over the two front and dropped on top of the one Mooney was in. The strange part of it was neither man was hurt.

#### THE BURNING CULVERT.

The awful calamity occurred on a comparatively small culvert about ten feet long and not more than twelve high.

The engineer on the head engine saw the fire as he neared the bridge, but it was too late. He saw that the culvert itself was ablaze, and upon this tottering structure the train plunged, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The first engine passed over the chasm safely. The second went into the ditch, burying and killing McClintock, the engineer. In, after it, came the rest of the train, all the coaches, except the sleepers, piling on and telescoping.

For an instant after the sound of crushing timbers all was still. Then from out the awful silence rose groans and cries of agony. Flames leaped into the darkness, and, a storm arising, the wind and rain but added terrors and dismay to the awful scenes.

Even in her cruelty Fate was lenient, for she willed that most of those who were killed should die instantly.

A passenger who was in the third coach says that he was first conscious of a jar, and that when the cars went together the noise was like that of a red hot iron touching water. The trucks dropped off, letting the coaches down. All the survivors tell similar stories. Most of the Peorians being in the sleeper more of them escaped than would otherwise have been the case. Many of these were asleep and were conscious only of a jarring when the accident occurred.

They speak in the highest terms of the noble efforts of the people of Chatsworth to give succor and relief, yet all who went there did not give aid.

#### THIEVES ROB THE DEAD AND LIVING.

One of the survivors related that as soon as the first engine cleared the bridge the brush beneath it flamed up as if oil had been ignited. He was fast in the wreck and called for assistance. He was aided by some one outside, and as soon as he was safely out of the wreck his rescuer grasped his watch and tore it from him.

Another man was robbed of his chain, the vandal failing to get his watch also. The fingers of several of the dead were cut off that valuable rings might be stolen.

The robbing of the dead and injured gave rise to the terrible report that the bridge had been fired and the train purposely wrecked for the sake of plunder, but no confidence is placed in this report here.

It is believed that the robbery was the work of vandals who happened to be at hand.

The Board of Railroad Commissioners arrived at Chatsworth at noon Aug. 12, and began an investigation of the recent disaster. J. J. Sutherland, one of the engineers of the train, was sworn. He said he was running the leading engine on the ill-fated train, which was behind its schedule time, having started from Peoria thirty minutes late. Some time was lost at Weston and Forest, and the train was about two hours late when it drew out of Forest. He saw, as he approached the bridge, what seemed to be flames on the south side of the track. He then saw something was wrong with the bridge, but it was too late to do anything. His fireman called to him to jump, and leaped from the engine. He got on the footboard to prepare himself for whatever came, but made up his mind not to jump. When he first saw the bridge it looked like embers. It seemed to burst into flames when he ran on the bridge. It was not a racing fire, nor did it communicate with the cars on the bridge. He saw, as he represented it.

#### "DEATH STARING HIM IN THE FACE."

He shut off the steam, and felt the bridge sink. Sutherland then opened the valve to get the train through. The force of the train pushed the engine over, breaking it loose from the tender. He stopped his engine and ran back to the wreck. He was running between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, but could not tell exactly.

Witness said he was not in his normal condition as he crossed the bridge, inasmuch as he never expected to get out alive. There was no question in his mind but

the bridge was on fire. He had no power to stop the train between the time he saw the fire and his arrival at the bridge. His engine had no air brake. Neither was the whistle sounded for lack of time. The flames were fanned by the passage of the train.

John Rogers, fireman of Sutherland's engine, swore that he saw a little fire on the side of the track near the bridge. He observed sparks rising and coals in the centre of the track, and jumped from the engine, calling to his engineer to follow. The witness and another fireman ran the engine to Piper City and gave the alarm to the citizens of the town. He thought the bridge was burned away when he jumped. He saw things which satisfied him the bridge was set on fire.

Ale Applegreen, the fireman on the second engine, testified that he was leaning on the sill of the cab window, on the left-hand side, when the engine jumped up in the air and turned over on its side. He was scalded, and thought "he was gone."

J. E. Brown, of Chatsworth, testified that he saw fire from the depot, and watched it from 9 to 11 P. M. He thought it was a locomotive headlight at Gilman.

William Hallen and son, of Chatsworth, testified that while standing at the depot at 8½ o'clock on Wednesday evening they saw a fire on the track out east, and

#### THOUGHT IT WAS A LOCOMOTIVE HEADLIGHT.

At 9 o'clock when they went to bed, the fire was still burning.

Julius Koepte, of Chatsworth, also saw the fire about the same time, and thought it was a train coming.

Three section men testified that Wednesday afternoon they burned the grass east of the bridge from the county line to within forty rods of the structure, and that west of that point the grass had been burned already, so that the fire which they left smoking at 5 o'clock could not have communicated to the bridge.

Much of the excitement which has prevailed in this city for the past three days has died out. All the dead, whether identified or not, have been shipped away. The unidentified are being held at Peoria. In addition to the dead, all the wounded who are able to be moved, except those in private houses, have been taken from here to Peoria. Seven, however, yet remain this morning in the building used as a city hall and engine house. Three of them it was known would certainly die, with possibly a fourth. One of these, Mrs. Valdejo, of Peoria, who was erroneously reported dead last night, died this morning. Few of the wounded have yet been removed from the hospital at Piper City. It had been the intention to take those who were able out of there yesterday, but, owing to a misunderstanding, this was not done. Superintendent Armstrong will attend to that some time to-day. A report was received from them this morning, and an improvement is noted in the condition of most of them. Two, however, are past all hope. It was reported this morning that several of the section hands had been arrested, but the Marshall and Coroner know nothing of it. It was also said that another body had been recovered from the wreck, but this, too, was denied.

During the morning the condition of the six wounded survivors in the Town Hall here has changed considerably for the worst. Mortification has set in in most of the cases, and the physicians fear that of the six only two can recover. These are Mrs. Hazen and her sister, Miss Alter, both of Iowa. Adam Schaumberger, of Peoria, and young Walters, of Cottage, N. Y., are not expected to live over a week. H. P. Bond's condition is equally precarious, while for Miss Clark, of Ohio, there is no hope.

Mrs. Peter Valentine, of Peoria, died at Piper City at noon to-day. She was terribly injured in the wreck. Her husband is a Peoria watchmaker. She was the mother of five children.

W. A. Cook gave an account to-day of some things he saw on that fearful night which have not yet been published.

"I was one of the first," said he, "to reach the wreck from Chatsworth. As I neared the train I stumbled over something, and when I got into the light of the burning bridge I found blood upon my boots. I had fallen over a couple of victims who were quite dead. In one car I saw a number of people who would have easily filled two-thirds of the car crowded with the seats, and all into less than one-third of the compartment. Not one of them could move.

"DEAD AND LIVING WERE JAMMED TOGETHER" in one hideous mass. One man had been thrown up against the roof of the coach, and his arms in some manner had been pinned there so that he could not be moved. He was suspended from the roof and was suffering horribly. Suddenly a man entered the compartment who was evidently a fellow-passenger. It looked as if he was giving the other man assistance, but I afterward learned that he had robbed the victim of a valuable gold watch and \$408, and then went away leaving him hanging there."

William Cowan, of the Cottage Hotel, Chatsworth, was also one of the first on the scene. "When I got there," he said, "the scene was terrible. One of the first victims I relieved was a fine, bronzed-featured fellow, who sat with his legs and half his body jammed between the seat he had been sitting on and the car behind, which had telescoped the one in front. The upper half of his body was almost entirely torn away from the lower part, yet he lived in terrible agony. He turned his eyes upon me and said, imploringly:

"Give me a drink of water, and then I'll die and be no further trouble." I gave him a drink. He swallowed it greedily, then drew a long sigh, and died instantly. The people in that car had been killed in rows, just as they sat. The bottom of the rear car had crashed through it almost to the upper end at about a level with the seats, and there the victims sat in rows, their heads thrown back and their bodies almost torn asunder."

#### A GALLANT PAIR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Duncan C. Ross, the subject of our sketch, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, March 16, 1858. Ross is a perfect specimen of physical humanity, and on account of his superb figure and superior education was selected to play *Charles*, the wrestler, with Adelaide Neilson and Mary T. Scott Siddons, and later refused several engagements with lesser lights. He is 6 feet ¼ inch in height, 46 inches around the chest, 18½ biceps, 20½ thigh, and 17½ calf, and weighs 220 pounds. Mounted on his beautiful charger, he is a perfect picture of a crusader. He sits his horse like a Centaur, and every movement is full of grace and conscious power. He undoubtedly has an advantage over his less fortunate opponents, being a man of considerable means; he keeps four fine saddle horses, which seem to understand every movement of their rider. In a recent contest between Ross and Walsh, Ross received a cut on the sword arm which rendered it powerless, and it fell limp by his side. As cuts on the arm do not count, Walsh was following up his advantage, when his horse was attacked with such ferocity by Ross' animal that all attempts to get near Ross proved fruitless until he

recovered the use of his arm, when his noble animal seemed to realize the situation, and immediately brought its rider within striking distance of his opponent. Ross having defeated the leading athletes, wrestlers and swordsmen in America, he will leave for a trip to the leading countries of the world and try conclusions with the best swordsmen, after which he will retire from all classes of sport and settle on his ranche in Lassen county, California. We add a list of the men Ross has defeated in the athletic, wrestling and chivalric arena.

Athletic: Donald Dinnie, Geo. Davidson, Johnston, Robertson, Rennie, Melrose, Harrison, Foley, Campbell. Wrestling: Wm. Muldoon, Clarence Whistler, Tom Cannon, H. M. Dufur, Col. McLaughlin, Matsada Sorakichi, James Faulkner and Capt. Daly. Mounted Sword Combat: Defeated Col. Chas. Lenon, a Texas ranger; Sergeant O'Davis, 2d U. S. Cavalry; Capt. E. N. Jennings, Eighth Hussars, British Army; Capt. Leo. Gaston, of Napoleon's Guard; Capt. Jacob Voss, 15th Uhlandt Cavalry, German Army; Ex-Brigadier Leon Legroz, French Army; Captain Garrique, Chasseur d'Afrique, French Army; Sergt. Chas. Crowley, U. S. Army; Major P. O'Brien, of Australia; Capt. J. Green, ex-Confederate; Sergt. M. Roos, Uhlandt Cavalry, German Army; Major Berryman, 4th Royal Irish, British Army; Major Ferguson, in a sword vs. bayonet contest; Signor Giovanni Cafferini, of the Papal Guard; Xavier Orloffsky, Prussian Black Hussars; Sergt. Chas. Walsh, 8th Missouri. Made the Irish giant, Capt. Daly, forfeit \$250 on account of his wife applying for an injunction restraining her husband from meeting Ross, who she feared would back him to pieces.

#### A MEAN OUTRAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our correspondent at Perry, Mo., Aug. 8, writes: Miss Ella Griffin, the sixteen-year-old daughter of David Griffin, residing about seven miles east of this city, retired for the night, wearing a luxuriant growth of auburn hair, of which she was very proud, but upon rising this morning she was horrified to find herself shorn of those beautiful tresses.

Some evil-disposed person at the dead hour of night had slipped into the young lady's bed-chamber and divested her of her hair by cutting it off short while she was asleep. There was no one in the room save the young lady's little four-year-old nephew. The mother of the girl stated that during the night she heard the dog bark, and imagined she heard some one in the house, but subsequently dismissed the matter, thinking it the result of imagination. The young lady cannot be prevailed upon to sleep in the room again.

No trace of the intruder nor trace of the missing tresses can be obtained.

#### A FATAL SALVATION ARMY ROW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Eaton Rapids, Mich., Aug. 8, says: For some time the Salvation Army barracks here has borne an unsavory reputation. On Saturday night John Williams was at the barracks, accompanied by Mrs. William Matthews, a grass widow. In the course of the services Frank Clark approached the couple, and demanded an introduction to the woman. Williams kicked Clark in the presence of the congregation, and shortly afterwards left the place with Mrs. Matthews. They were met by Clark and the quarrel was resumed. Clark struck Williams, and the latter shot his assailant. Williams and the woman then started on. When Williams was arrested shortly afterwards, a crowd gathered to lynch him, but he was hurried to the county seat and securely placed behind the bars. Clark died early on Sunday morning. The murderer is about twenty-two years old. His victim was twenty.

#### J. N. EMRA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Emra is the ex-inmate of the New York County Lunatic Asylum, who, by his energy and good judgment, was able to lay the abuses of the institution before Mayor Hewitt and cause the latter to order an investigation, which has done so much good in the way of reforming the terrible treatment of the poor unfortunates who suffered so much inhuman treatment. Mr. Emra deserves all the credit for improvement in the condition of affairs at the asylum.

#### MRS. ANN SNOOTS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mrs. Ann Snoots, of Adamsville, near Zanesville, Ohio, has been arrested on the charge of murdering her only child, Carrie, six years old, who died very suddenly on July 8 from supposed poisoning.

#### \$15,000 IN GOLD

Is What a News Correspondent Gets for an Investment of \$1.

As mentioned briefly in our issue of last week's *News*, W. S. Locke, some time past our correspondent at McMillan, held a one-tenth ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery that drew the capital prize—\$150,000. A reporter of the *News* visited Mr. Locke on Saturday last and gleaned the following facts: Mr. Locke has invested in this lottery for the last four months, buying a one-tenth ticket each time, spending in all four dollars. It was his intention to try his luck for one year at least and see what the result would be. On Tuesday, 19th ult., a rumor reached him that a ticket at McMillan had drawn \$15,000, but Mr. Locke would hardly credit the news until a printed list containing the number of the prize-winners was put in his hands. He at once telegraphed the number of his ticket to the New Orleans National Bank and received in reply that if he held that number he was entitled to the money. The ticket was immediately placed in the First National Bank of Marquette for collection, and in less than a week \$15,000 in gold, minus the exchange, was placed to his credit. Mr. Locke has been in the employ of D. L. West, merchant, of McMillan, for a number of years, attending to the railroad office at the same time. He says that he has never sent money for tickets otherwise than in a plain envelope addressed to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and has always received his ticket promptly. That the scheme is run on the square is without doubt. Our correspondent and family will visit their old home in Canada for a few weeks, where they have not been for eight years, after which they will probably locate on the line of the new Minneapolis railroad and go into the general merchandise business.

The many friends of Mr. Locke rejoice in his good fortune, and while the *News* loses a good correspondent, it glories alike with the rest.—*Newberry (Mich.) News*, August 4.

